And there the ſtrawy Greekes ripe for his edge
Fall downe before him like a mowers ſwath,
Here, there and euery where, he leaues and takes,
Dexterity ſo obaying appetite,
That what he will he do's, and do's ſo much:
That proofe is call'd impoſſibility. *Enter Vliſſes.*
Vliſſ. Oh courage, courage Princes, great *Achilles*,
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance,
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzy bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*
That noſeleſſe, handleſſe, hackt and chipt come to him.
Crying on *Hector*, *Aiax* hath loſt a friend,
And foames at mouth, and hee is armde and at it:
Roaring for *Troylus*, who hath done to day,
Madde and fantaſtique execution:
Engaging and redeeming of himſelfe
With ſuch a careleſſe force, and forceleſſe care,
As if that luſt in very ſpight of cunning, bad him win all.
Enter Aiax. *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus.* *Exit.*
Dio. I there, there?
Neſt: So, ſo, we draw together. *Exit.*
Enter Achilles.
Achil. Where is this *Hector*?
Come, come, thou boy-queller ſhew thy face,
Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry
Hector wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector.* *Exit.*
Enter Aiax. *Troylus* thou coward *Troylus* ſhew thy head.
Enter Diom. *Troylus* I ſay wher's *Troylus*?
Aiax. What wouldſt thou.
Diom. I would correct him.
Aiax. Were I the generall thou ſhouldſt haue my office,
Ere that correction? *Troylus* I ſay what *Troylus.*
Enter Troylus.
Troy. Oh traytor *Diomed*, turne thy falſe face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou oweſt me for my horſe.
Dio. Ha art thou there?
Aiax Ile fight with him alone ſtand *Diomed.*
Diom.

Diom. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.
Troy. Come both you cogging Greekes haue at you b
Hect. Yea *Troylus*, O well fought my yongeſt brother.
Enter Achil: Now do I ſee thee ha, haue at thee *Hector.*
Hect. Pauſe if thou wilt.
Achil. I do diſdaine thy curteſie proud Troyan,
Be happy that my armes are out of vſe:
My reſt and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt here of me againe:
Till when goe ſeeke thy fortune. *Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well.
I would haue beene much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee, how now my brother. *Enter T*
Troy. *Aiax* hath tane *Æneas* ſhall it be,
No by the flame of yonder glorious heauen
He ſhall not carry him ile be tane to,
Or bring him off, fate here me what I ſay:
I wreake not though I end my life to day. *Exit*
Enter one in armour.
Hect: Stand, ſtand thou Greeke, thou art a goodly m
No? wilt thou not, I like thy armor well,
Ile fruſh it and vnlock the riuets all:
But ile be maiſter of it, wilt thou not beaſt abide,
Why then flie on, ile hunt thee for thy hide. *E*
Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.
Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*,
Marke what I ſay, attend me where I wheele:
Strike not a ſtroke, but keepe your ſelues in breth,
And when I haue the bloudy *Hector* found:
Empale him with your weapons round about,
In felleſt manner execut your armes
Follow me ſirs and my proceedings eye,
It is decreed *Hector* the great muſt die. *Exit.*
Enter Vlyſſes: Mene: Paris.
Ther. The cuck-old and the cuck-old-maker are
now bull, now dogge lowe, *Paris* lowe, now my
hen'd ſpartan, lowe *Paris*, lowe the bull has the game
hornes ho? *Exit Paris and Menelus.*